



Mr. Egerton B. Williams, author of "Ridofo," lives in Rochester, and the local reception of the book is proving the fallacy of the old saying about the honor of the prophet in his own country. "The power, interest and literary distinction of this story of the savage feudalism of the great Italian families," says the Rochester Post-Express, "makes it one of the notable novels of the year." The beautiful appearance also wins admiration, since the reviewer describes "Ridofo" as "admirably printed, tastefully bound and illustrated in color by J. C. Leyendecker, one of America's foremost illustrators." The success which this splendid romance is finding in all parts of the country is an indication of the growing appreciation for fiction that does not depart from the highest standards of literature.

A new book by John Fox Jr. has just been published by the Scribners. The title is "A Knight of the Cumberland" and it is a story of the Cumberland mountains and it is a modern story with a chivalrous setting. The book

of wild animals in captivity ever since her childhood. There is scarcely a zoological garden of size in Europe or America where she is not well known, nor an animal show of importance where she is not one of the familiar acquaintance with keepers and trainers.

Owen Davis, the well-known playwright, has practically completed the dramatization of Arthur Stringer's recent novel, "The Wire Tappers," and arrangements are now under way for its early production. The dramatist, it is said, has not neglected to take advantage of the somewhat novel and up-to-date criminal features of Mr. Stringer's story, so besides being a play of the "Lena Kleschna" type, "The Wire Tappers" is also likely to prove a novelty on account of its background of electrical effects.

"The Electric Theft," by Neil Wynn Williams, has just been published by Small, Maynard & Co. For one who likes action, and not analysis, an unbacked plot, original and novel, but reasonably probable; a love romance

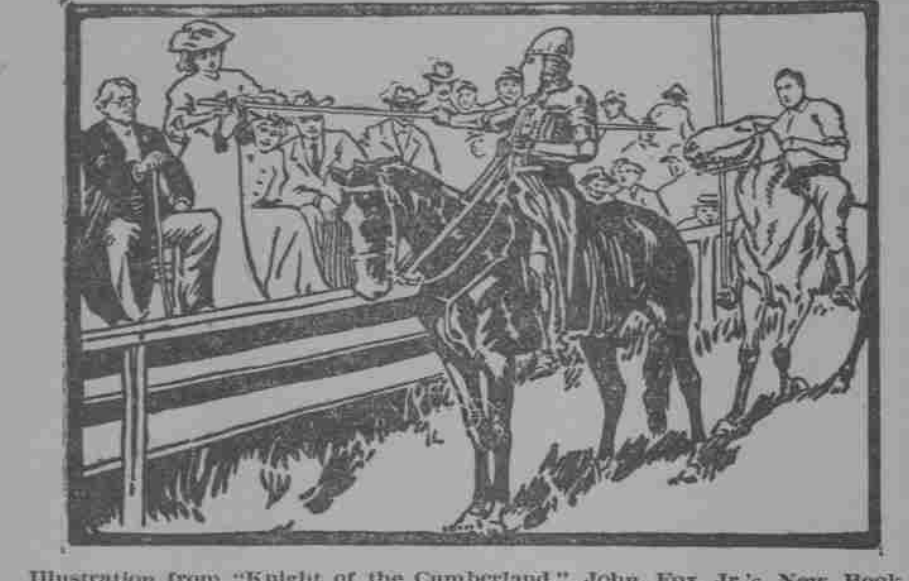


Illustration from "Knight of the Cumberland," John Fox Jr.'s New Book.

is beautifully illustrated in colors by F. C. Yohn.

A new volume of poems by Thomas Nelson Page has just been published by the Scribners, under the title "The Coast of Bohemia."

Charlotte Weber Ditzler has illustrated happily the romance of old furniture which William Frederick Dix has written under the title of "The Face in the Grandole." Artist as well as author are passionate devotees of the old furniture quest.

"The Secret of Moor Cottage" is a new book just published by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston. This announcement contains no promise of special import nor does the name of the author, H. Ripley O. Cromarsh, but interest is awakened when it is known that the author is a woman and a sister of Dr. A. Conan Doyle. Here is an opportunity for a family test of the comparative fertility in certain directions of a man's and a woman's mind. This tale of mystery and adventure—as might be expected when written by Conan Doyle's sister—naturally involves a detective, who, although not a professional one, discovers himself in a situation where he finds it desirable for various reasons, to seek a solution of the puzzle which surrounds him. He tells the story himself with a supplementary narrative by one of the other characters of the story for the final clearing up of the mystery.

"Romance Island," Zona Gale's new story, is not a romance in the usual sense of the "fourth dimension" of the dream of the mathematician. It may not be generally known that Mr. C. L. Hinton, the inventor of the famous "baseball gun," once wrote a fourth dimensional romance, entitled "Stella." Miss Gale treats the idea with fanciful grace. Mr. Hinton wielded it with scientific gravity. "Romance Island" is noteworthy because of the utterly odd sensation it produces by carrying into a realm of pure imagination the so-called realistic method. In its piquant mingling of modern Americans and ancient Phoenicians, it is like the first taste of grape fruit dressed with oil.

A new juvenile by Curtis Dunham and George Kerr has just been published by the Bobbs Merrill company. It is called "The Golden Goblin." The lively, fetching, fantastic juvenile takes the old legend of the Flying Dutchman as its point of departure. The picturesque sequence of the ancient tale has a good show and is, for the author's purpose, enhanced by the contrast between it and the more immediate subjects of the adventures given—namely, two little Dutch children of the present day, a girl and a boy, who, wrecked at sea and adrift on a raft, are taken aboard the fated craft. The story goes with a hop, a skip and a jump. It bounds along as merrily as does the great fish who at one time during the narrative takes the children for a ride over the waves on his broad back. The movement is light and rapid, the incidents varied and surprising. "What next? What next?" the reader wonders, and is not disappointed when "the next" turns up. The author keeps to the pitch promised. There is a panorama-like activity in the manner one device supplants another, and in the way the fairy element of the tale is alternated with incidents and talk having a "smarter" present-day flavor. The "Golden Goblin" is presented in holiday attire. It is no less lavishly decorated than it is gaily and brilliantly illustrated.

There is a peculiar quality about Jack London's latest story, "White Fang," which may perhaps not strike the reader at once, and that is the most entire absence of dialogue. There is intensely vivid action, but amazingly little talk, and the effect of this is to produce a remarkably strong impression of the absolute fidelity of the story to nature.

Ellen Veilkin, author of "Behind the Scenes with Wild Animals," which Moffat, Yard & Company are now publishing, has been a patient student

knit into the thread of incident, with a titanic struggle between two strong rivals, who make the very earth tremble in their efforts for mastery—for such a one this is a book well worth while. An English engineer is sent to Athens to discover the cause of the theft of electricity from the Athenian Electric Power company, and after a time he does, but that is only the beginning of his troubles and of the story. He is an inventor as well as an engineer, and all the resources, both of his wit and of his skill, are brought into play against the clever cunning of his adversary, who also has marriage in his heart. The scene later shifts to London, where the stolen electricity is shipped by vessel in accumulators, followed by an underground electric stage of that city as a necessary measure for the subjugation of the engineer's rival—and the winning of the hand of a beautiful girl.

Howard Chandler Christy's "American Girl," which Moffat, Yard & Company are just publishing, happily expresses in words, as his pictures do in line and color, his own personal view of the most absorbing topic man has prepared for discussion in all ages. The research involved has been enormous, and the results obtained are sometimes astonishing. For example, it will be learned that "Eastern proverbs are highly complimentary to women," and the fact is proved by a number of citations. A Sanskrit adage says, "Women are instructed by nature, men by books." The Burmese says, "Woman's intelligence is four times that of man; her assiduity six times." In Hindustani is the observation, "What cannot a woman do? What cannot the ocean contain? What cannot the fire burn? What cannot death destroy?"

When a writer undertakes to explore Grub Street—that indefinite neighborhood which produces to order "syndicated" Sunday-special, rhymed "ads" and every other conceivable brand of literary merchandise—he is in the way of making some interesting discoveries. In the November Atlantic James H. Collins describes "The American Grub Street," and his account of the ways of the free-lance community in New York makes fascinating reading. Surely no side of modern city life has more variety or picturesqueness than this—with its uncertain returns, its high ambitions and good fellowships, its disappointments and successes. It is a life which sells a premium on brains; the man who can jump with the cat—or a little ahead—takes the big stakes. Incidentally the writer tells some most amusing stories of the Great Man and what happens to him when he offers his epic or two volume romance for sale on Union Square.

In this country there is hardly a more original illustrator than Miss Blanche Estelberg, and her work has found ready acceptance by several leading publishers and by the public. In past holiday years several volumes taken this season have been enriched by her brilliant decorations, but this year her admirers will find only one book in which her pictures in color have been featured. This is "The Stained Glass Lady," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., and it is doubtful whether any more beautiful gift-book will be on the holiday counters. Blanche Estelberg Wade, who wrote "A Garden in Pink," is the author, and the charming imaginative story of the friendship between a lovely girl and a small boy of romantic mind and the qualities of certain personality.

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as vital as a drama enacted on the stage, only its acts require the centuries and the ages in which to represent themselves. Whatever one sees of the Grand Canyon—it matters not from what commanding view of vision or vista, one sees only an infinitesimal point. It is the Carnival of the Gods," writes Lillian Whiting in her new book, "The Land of Enchantment," which Little, Brown & Co. are publishing.

Readers of "Her Brother's Letters" are becoming deeply interested in the personality of the author. Inquiries are pouring in upon the publishers daily, but the anonymity of Miss Christine Carson's correspondent has been, of necessity, strictly preserved. Failing this information, several have addressed letters to Miss Carson herself, which, after all, may be the most effective way of getting into the controversy.

There seems to be perennial interest in "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam." Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. have just ready an entirely new version, prepared by Mr. George Roe, a distinguished Omarian scholar. Mr. Roe has just received a letter from Mr. Nathan Haskell Doole, saying that M. Fernand Henry, the well-known French author, has written him from Le Muy, France, concerning the forthcoming translation of the little book is to be issued in a beautiful style, uniform with Shirazi's "Life of Omar," published last fall, and will be brought out simultaneously in England and America.

In his new novel, "When Love Speaks," published by the Macmillan company, Will Payne has probably given us the best picture in fiction of the middle west. The scene of the story is laid in Saukage, a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants on the west shore of Lake Michigan, a day's ride by boat from Chicago. Mr. Payne evidently writes with abundant knowledge of the life he has described so faithfully. He is himself a resident of Chicago, and his book was written at his summer home in a little Michigan village, called Paw Paw, not far from the location of his imaginary Saukage.

It is rumored that a certain popular composer whose marches have delighted two continents is at work on an "operatization" of "The Golden Goblin," the new child's story by Curtis Dunham. More copies of this juvenile have perhaps been sold than of any other since "The Wizard of Oz."

The Macmillan company announces that the translation of the "Hohenlohe Memoirs," which continue to be the chief subject of political and literary interest in Germany, will be published in this country in the first week of December.

### BOWSER'S DAIRY.

If Would Have Been a Go But for Mrs. Bowser.

"Now, then, what is it?" asked Mrs. Bowser, as she and Mr. Bowser reached the sitting room after dinner the other evening.

"What is what, dear?" he replied, trying to look surprised.

"I want to know what project you have on hand. I can tell by the way you look and act that something has happened today. Are you going to try to make artificial coal, manufacture leather from the bark, or what?"



"I START OFF WITH FORTY COWS."

"Mrs. Bowser, I am working six days a week, am I not?"

"Yes."

"And we are only saving a few dollars a year?"

"No, we are not saving much, but the trouble is with your fads. You are always paying out money."

"Stop right there!" the Golden Goblin, the new child's story by Curtis Dunham. More copies of this juvenile have perhaps been sold than of any other since "The Wizard of Oz."

"And therefore it's natural that I should look about to see how I can better the situation. I have been looking for several years, but nothing has turned up until today."

"And what is it?" I hope you don't think of going into poultry or squabs. I was reading yesterday about a man raising squabs for the market. Does he want to sell out to you?"

"Don't beg to speak in sarcasm or you won't get a word out of me. I know nothing about frogs or squabs, but I think I have a better thing—far better than poultry. In fact, I wouldn't exchange it for any gold mine at Cripple Creek. I don't want to seem too enthusiastic, but the facts are that I have struck the opportunity of a lifetime."

"And what is it?" asked Mrs. Bowser in a whisper.

Mrs. Bowser didn't reply at once. That would have been beneath his dignity. He smoked away for a couple of minutes and looked wise, and then

said:

"I propose to sell out as soon as possible and start a dairy farm. I have had the idea in view for some months, but never got down to figures until today. If I had gone into the business ten years ago I should have been a millionaire now. There is nothing on the face of this earth so profitable, and I am amazed that every farmer hasn't gone into it."

"You—you have got figures, have you?"

"Any amount of them. Mrs. Bowser, your husband is not the man to rush blindly into things without having first figured. I can show you how we can make \$10,000 a year as easy as turning a hand over."

"That will be nice. Now state the case."

"Well, I trade this house and lot even up for a farm of one hundred acres. That's even up, remember."

"Yes."

"Then I start off with forty cows. I figure that each cow gives ten quarts of milk a day. That is 400 quarts per day. I will sell to the creamery at 5 cents per quart. Figure that for a year, and you get \$12,000. Do you want a better income than \$1,000 a month? We'll knock off the odd figures, and say \$10,000 a year. We not only have that money coming in as sure as the interest on a government bond, but we are out in the pure air of the country and living on the top shelf all the time."

"But you have made more figures than these?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"What's the use? You get so much milk per day and sell it for so much. It's a simple sum in arithmetic."

"Let us see if it is. You start with forty cows?"

"Just forty."

"I see by the papers that a good cow is worth \$40. You will have to pay out the sum of \$1,600 to get your drove. Had you figured on that?"

Mr. Bowser's jaw dropped and he turned red. He hadn't.

"You figure on ten quarts of milk per day for each cow. That is summer figuring. If you get seven quarts a day from each in the winter you will be doing well. You must know off many hundred quarts from your estimate. You must remember, too, that to have new milch cows in the spring some of your cows will be out of the milking

for weeks. Had you figured on that?"

"You are finding fault already!" he growled, as he pounded on the table and bristled up. "I might have known that you would do your best to kill a good thing."

"But I'm not, dear. I only want to understand how you figure. Each cow will consume two and one-half tons of hay during the winter. That is one hundred tons for all, and at \$20 per ton we have \$2,000. You figured on that, didn't you?"

Mr. Bowser flushed red and white, but did not answer.

"There will be other food needed for the winter if you want the supply of milk kept up, and you can put that down at \$200. You must have a team and wagon to start in with to deliver your milk at the creamery. The cost will be all of \$400. To run the farm, but did not answer."

"Probably not, or you would have mentioned it at the start. Well, a good barn for forty cows and a team of horses will cost you at least \$2,500. If you are going into figures you must figure the interest on your capital. If you are going to run a dairy farm you must figure in what your own time is worth. You may have half a dozen calves to sell in the spring, but you may lose two or three cows in the course of the year. If you raise your own hay, corn and oats you must have agricultural implements. There will be a constant replacing of things. You will also want a horse and buggy. Do you think there is quite \$10,000 a year in it for us, Mr. Bowser?"

"In what?" he asked, as he came to a halt and glared at her.

"Why, we were figuring on the profits of a dairy farm, and you said—"

"I said nothing—nothing whatever."

"But you said—"



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"Mrs. Bowser, I am no man to refer to any one's misfortune, but as your husband I feel it my duty to observe that I have seen signs of late that you are not quite right in the head. Don't you think it would be a good idea to have the family doctor over here this evening to give us an opinion?"

"But you came home and said you were going into the dairy business," she protested.

Mr. Bowser looked at her in a plying way and then passed down the hall. He was boiling over. He had gone into the dairy business to make \$10,000 a year, and had come out without a gallon of frozen milk to his name. He stood at the gate wondering what he should fear down first when a man came along and inquired for Witherspoon.

"Prepare to die, villain!" yelled Mr. Bowser in reply, and the next minute he was after the frightened man and the two were going up the street at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It was dark and a cold wind blew and snowflakes fluttered down, and as Mrs. Bowser heard the yelling and the scrambling was boiling over. "Poor Mr. Bowser! Poor forty cows! Have I always got to stand between him and a good thing?"—(Copyright, 1906, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



"THE TWO WERE GOING UP THE STREET AT A GAIT OF FORTY MILES AN HOUR."

Everybody reads The State Journal.